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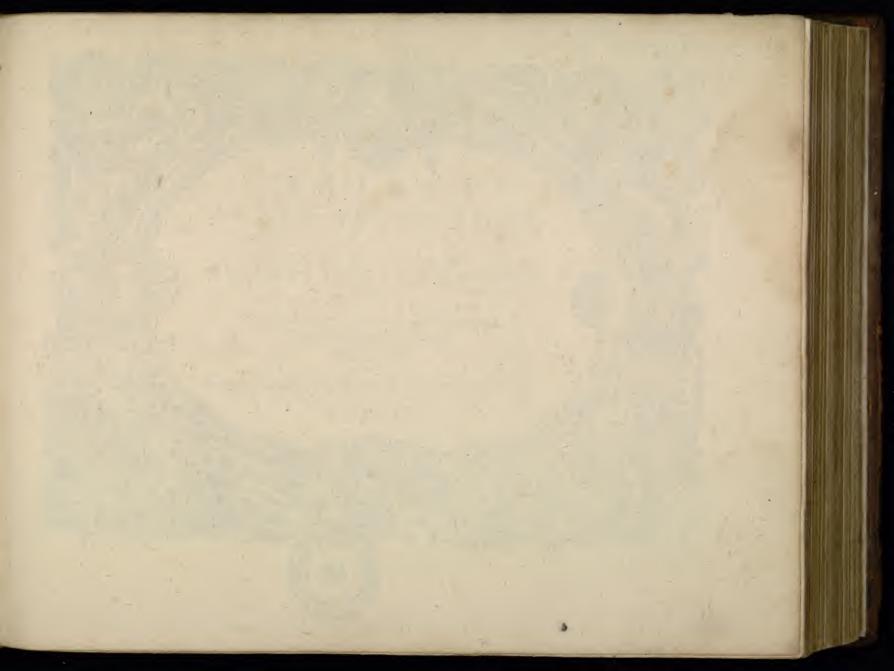
V. 399.

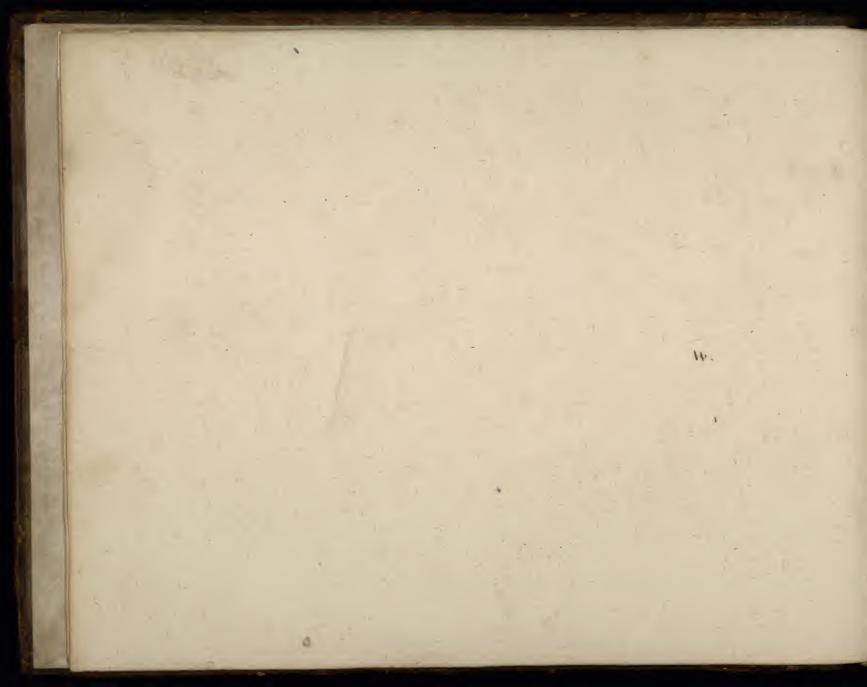
miner VM. 4° 399 8 prièces VM 41 a 48 Res изад.

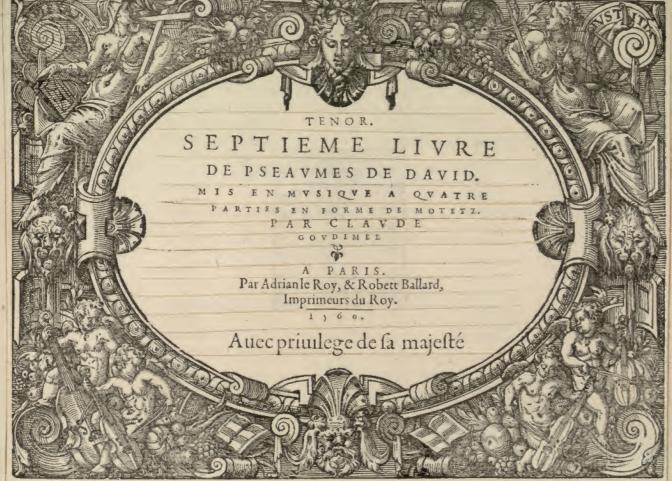














## MADAMOISELLE CATERINE SENNETON

CLAVDE GOVDIMEL.



To V monde il n'ya rien si stable, Si fort, si ferme, & si durable, Qui ne sente leffort du temps: Tout meurt, tout vieillit, tout se passe, Bref tout se range sous Paudace,

Et sous la contrainte des ans.

L'acier, & le Bronze se mine Les marbres tombent en ruine. Mesme noz beaux jours vont roulant, Comme d'une cource poudreuse Desfus la plaine sablonneuse, Galoppe vn chariot branlant.

Le peu durer ne m'est estrange, Ie voi le journallier eschange Des choses qui sont sous les cieux; Ie voi melme que mon ouurage, S'oublie aussi tost que l'image D'un fonge, qui trompe noz yeux.

Sans plus les vertus immortelles Ne meurent point, car ce font elles Qui viuent, & durent tousjours:

La violence des années. Ni les fatalles Destinées. Ne sçauroyent empescher leur cours.

C'est pourquoy gente Caterine l'ay choisi votre ame diuine, Affin d'honorer mon labeur, Empruntant l'heureuse memoire De voz vertus, & de la gloire Que j'espere en vostre faueur.

M'asseurant bien quelle est si forte, Que si mon petit œuure porte Votre beau nom dessus le front Il viura cent fois dauantage S'oppolant, fort, contre l'orage De notre tems, qui le corront.

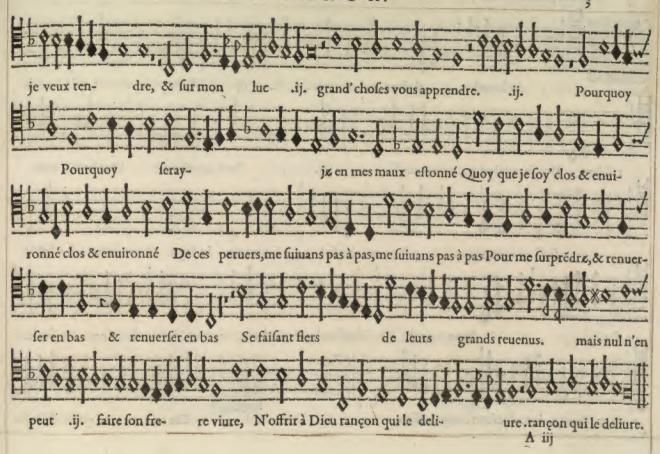
Puis j'ay tant eu de votre race. D'honneur, de faueur, & de grace. Q'ingrat je ne veux deuenir, Remarquant cette courtoisie Du labeur de mon industrie, Par vn immortel founenir.

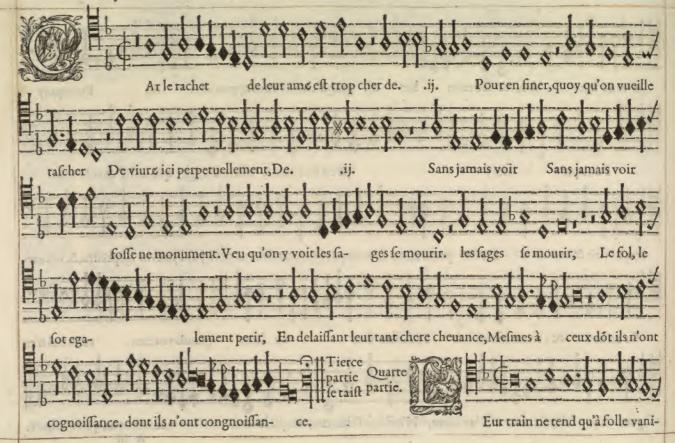


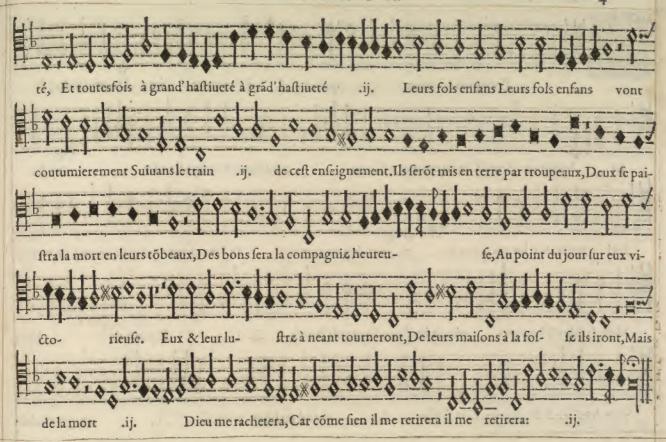
Audite hac omnes gentes. PSEAV. XLIX. GOVDIMEL.

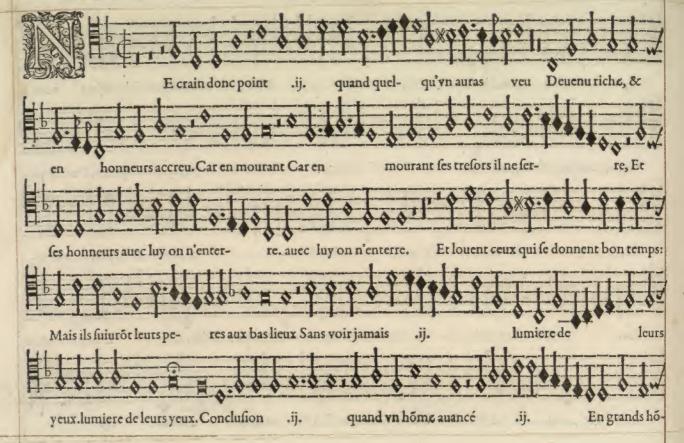


ges propos .ij. ma bouce anoncera, Graues discours A mes beaux mots l'aureille je veux tendre, l'aureille











Dieu que d'ennemis,

Tenor.

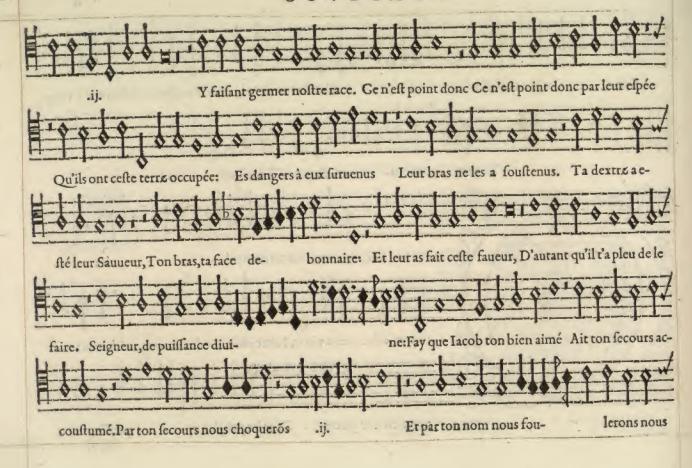
Septiéme liure de pseau.

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Qui aux champs se sont mis, Et

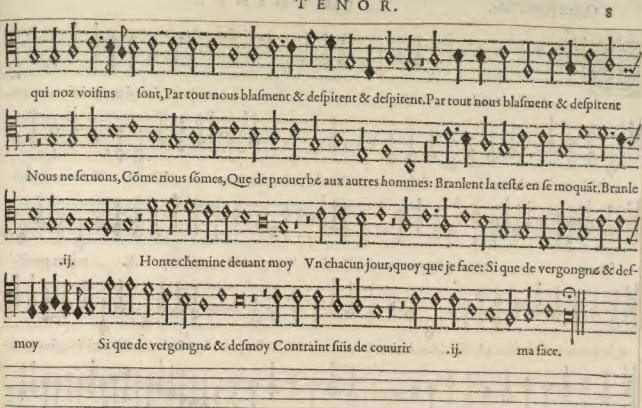




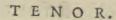






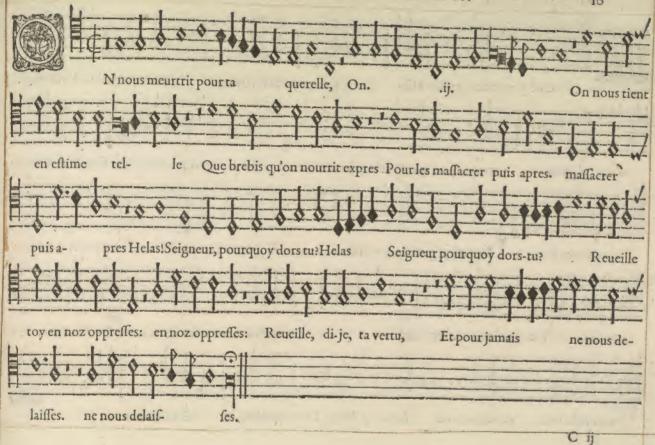










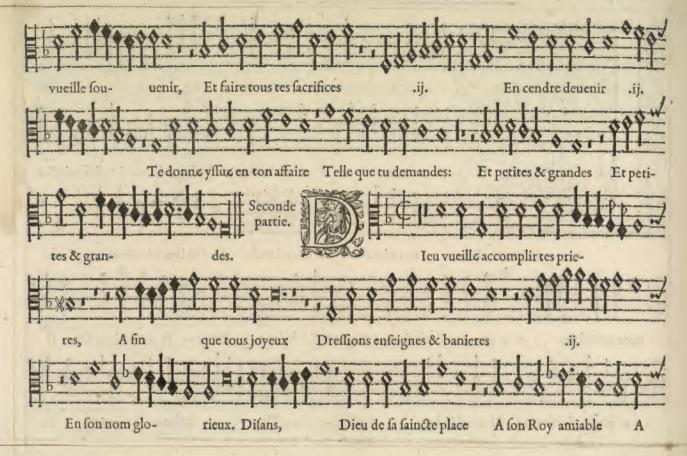


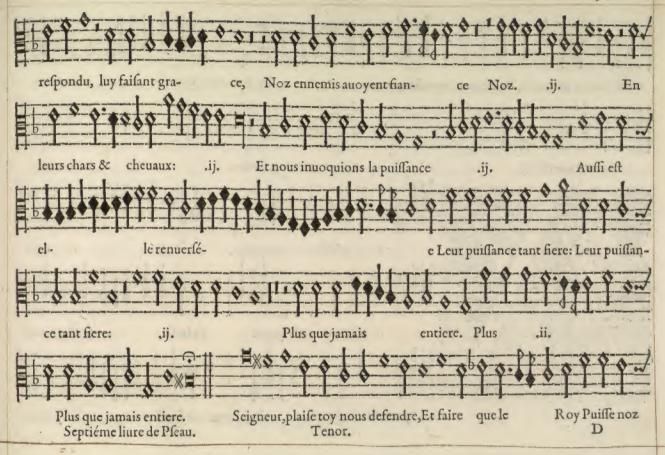




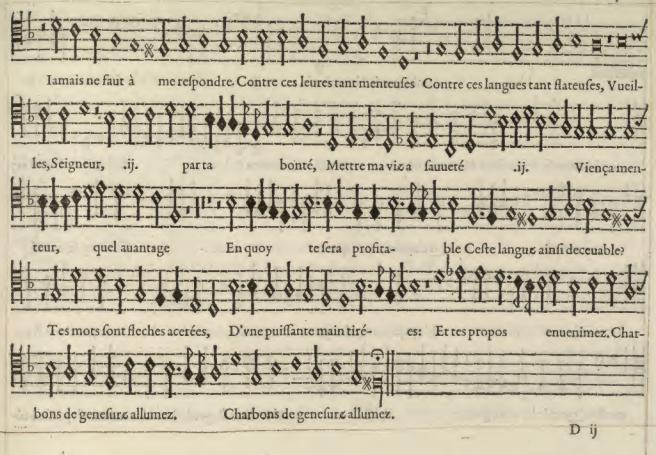


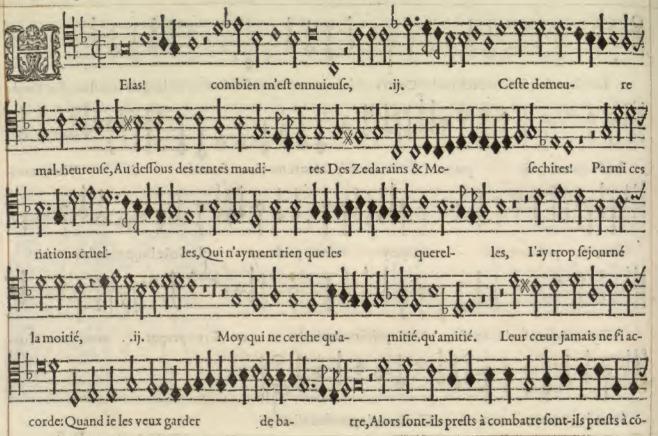




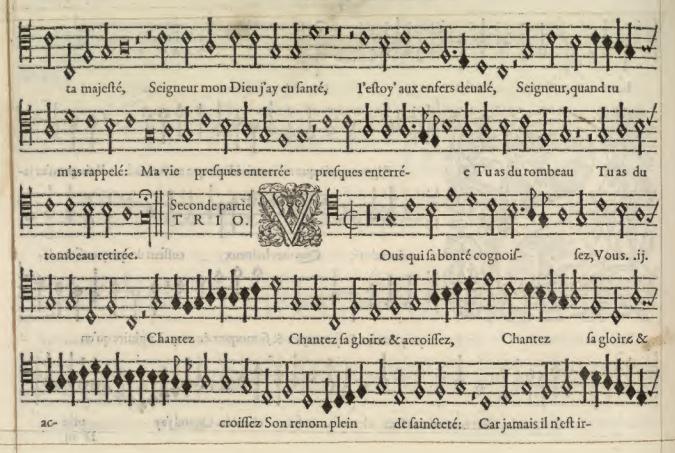




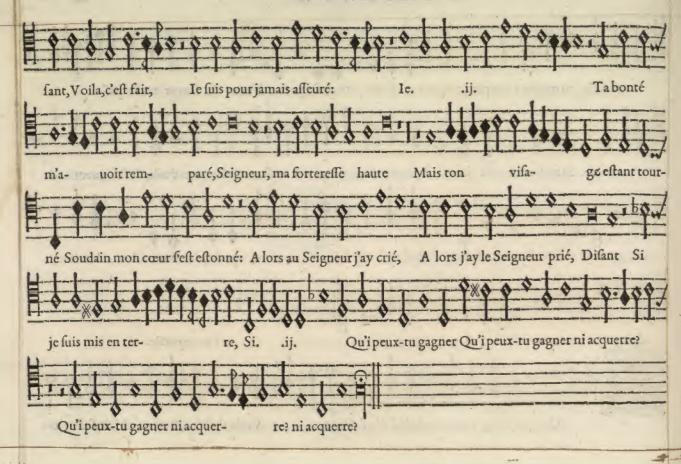




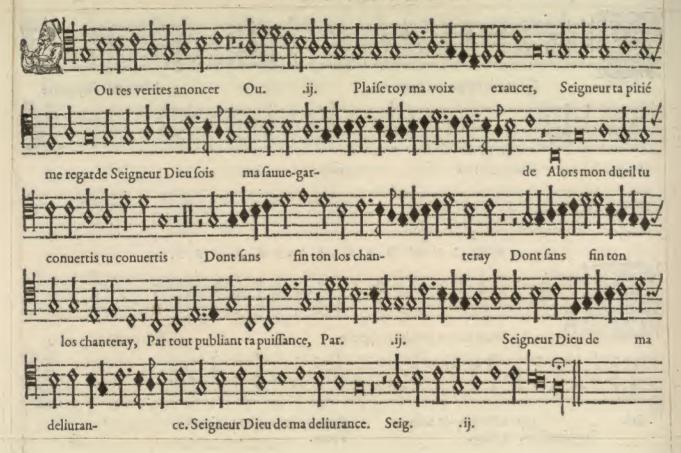


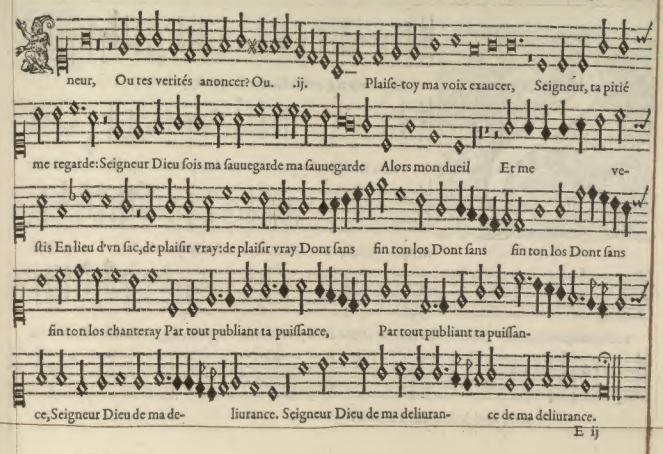












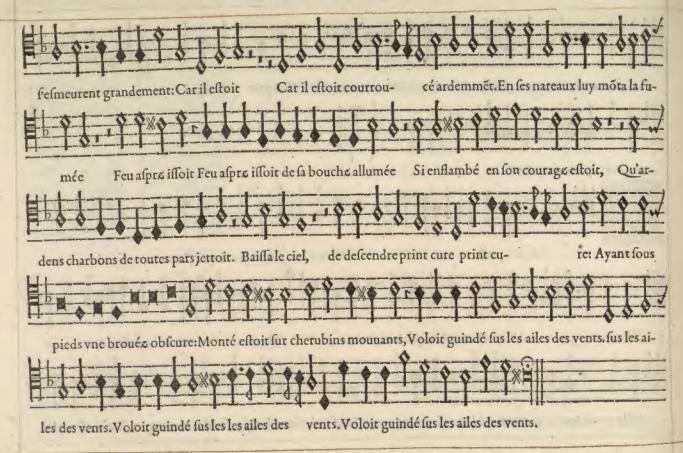


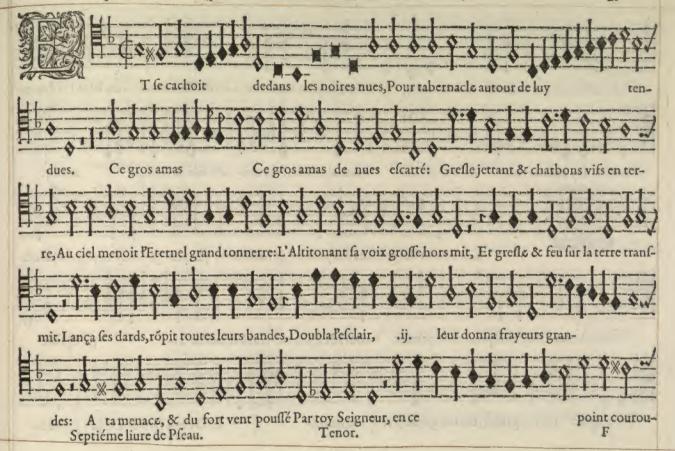




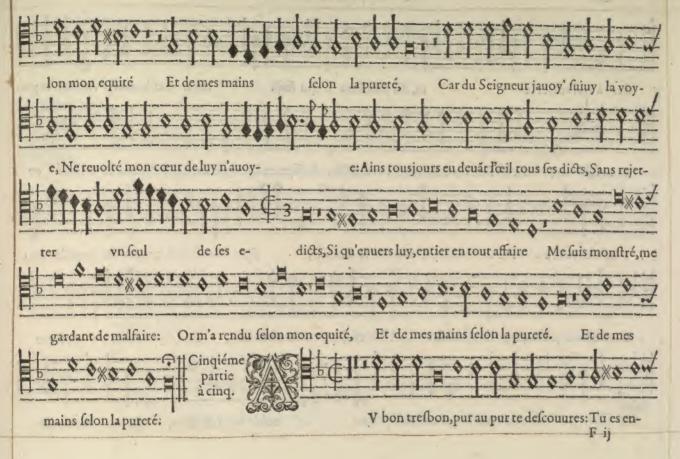


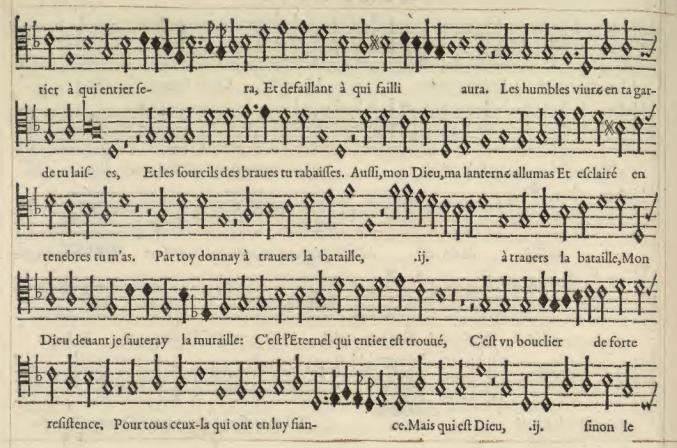
reille entra. Incontinent tremblerent les campagnes, Les fondemens des plus hautes montagnes, Tous esbranlez



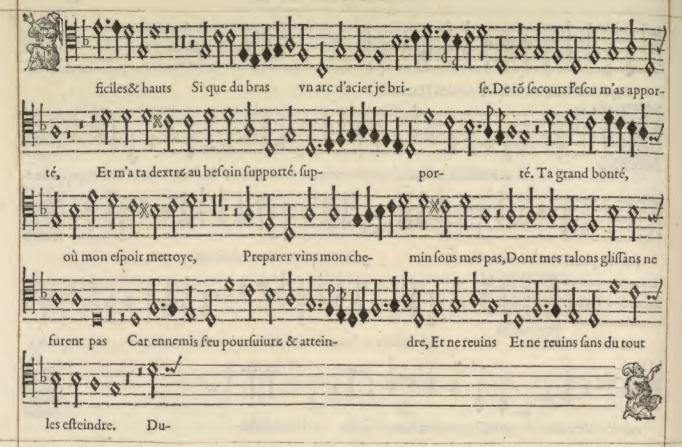


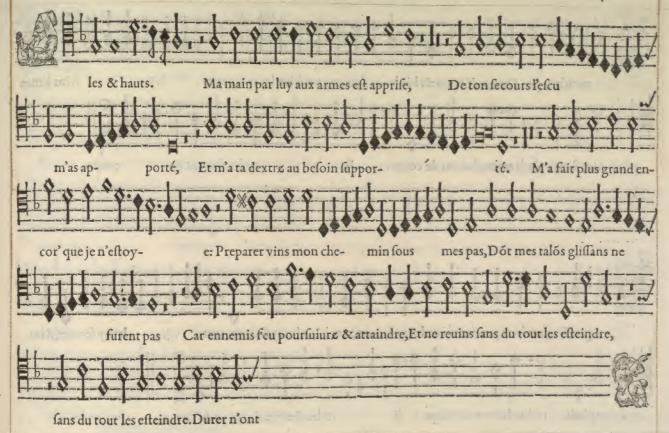


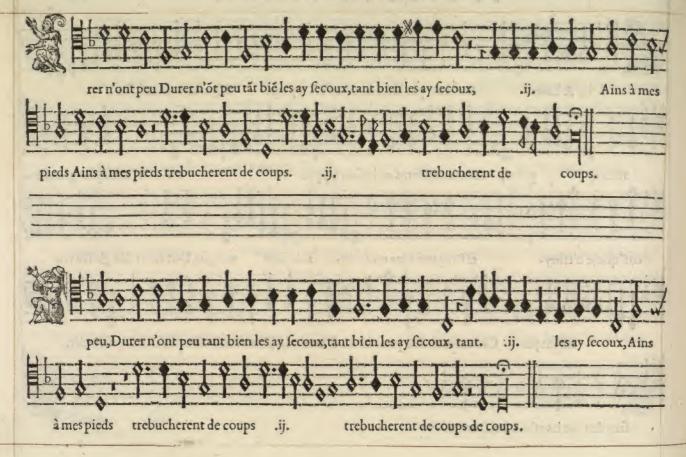


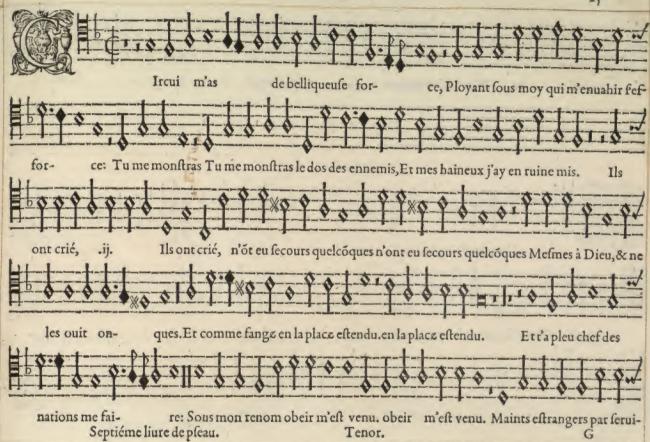


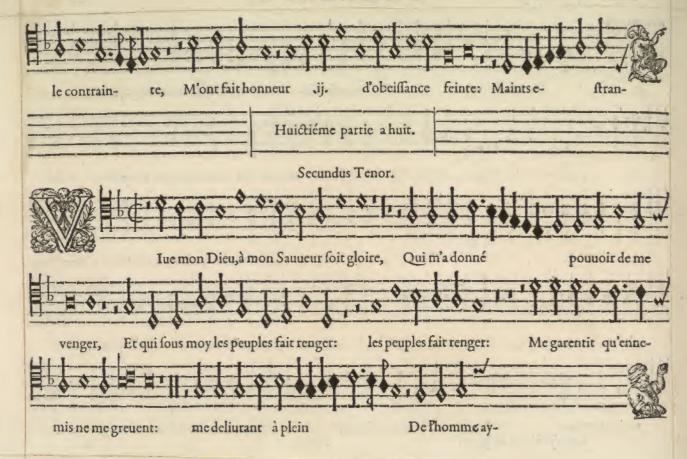


















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## TABLE.

Allors qu'afliction me presse. Ie t'aymeray en toutz obeissance. Le Seigneur ta prierz entende. O Seigneur que de gens.

		100412	
Folio.	14	Or auons nous de noz oreilles.	6
	19	Peuples oyez & l'aureille prestez.	2
	12	Seigneur puis que ma retiré.	- 15
	5	Seigneur je nay point le cœur fier.	18

FIN.















